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WESTERN GLEANINGS



BY E. M. P.



TORONTO:
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1893.

With the Author's Compliments—
"Emma Mary P. Latta"

1891—

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“ WESTERN GLEANINGS.”

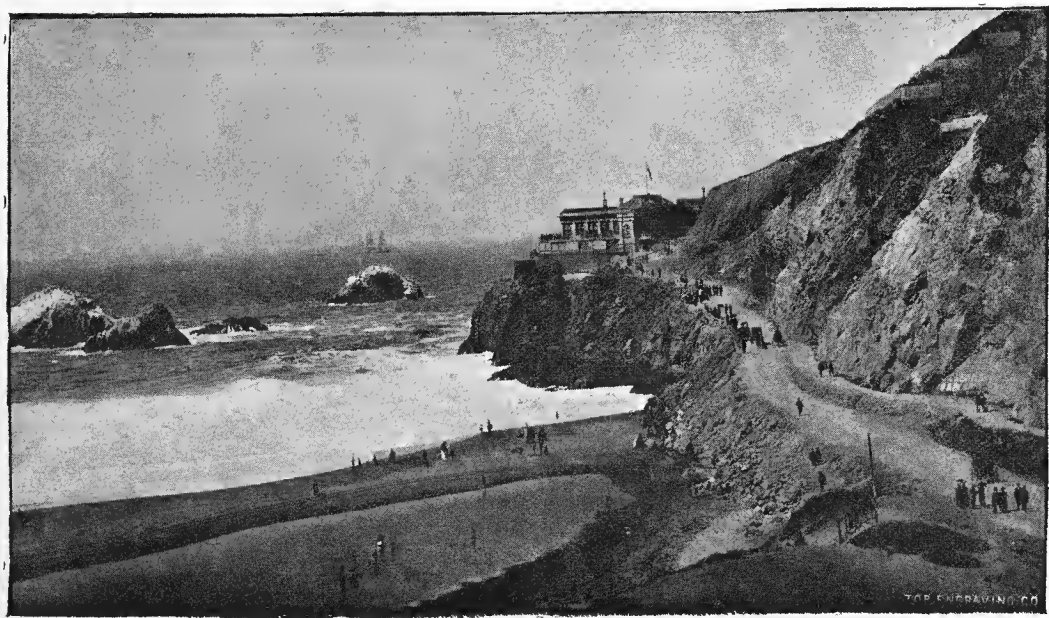
When leaving for a trip through the Western States, and our own Canadian North-west, many of my friends asked me to write them an account of our journeyings. In answer to their requests, and in fulfilment of the promises given, the accompanying leaves find their origin.

Endeavour only is made to sketch the outlines of the many delightful places visited, leaving it to the imagination of the reader to construct the perfect picture nature's hand has painted, and no attempt is made to group pleasure-giving events in their natural order of importance.

It was thought also that a recital of each day's "Gleanings" would render it easy to estimate the pleasures of a holiday in the west, and that no disappointment would arise in finding trivial things, suited by circumstances to please, recorded with the anticipated enjoyments we sought for and happily realized.

E. M. P.

TORONTO, 1892.



CLIFF HOUSE—SEAL ROCK.

(See Page 23.)

“WESTERN GLEANINGS.”

We left Toronto on the 30th of March, for Southern California, *via*. The Canadian Pacific and Santa Fe routes.

Our first stopping place was Chicago, which we reached on the morning of the 31st. Our journey so far was uneventful, being mostly at night, the only break being the crossing of the St. Clair River by ferryboat, and a short delay in Detroit. Whilst in Chicago we stayed at the Hotel Auditorium, which is very pleasantly situated, away from the turmoil and noise of the ever busy and densely thronged streets. From our room windows we had a fine view of Lake Michigan. The dining-room, a very handsome one, is up quite at the top of the building, (nine stories high). April 1st.—A bright morning. Spent several hours sightseeing: went to the Board of Trade, the noise and shouting was something terrible as the excitement grew. New York Exchange is bad enough, but Chicago is worse. We also went to the Art Gallery; saw many beautiful and valuable pictures, one “The Head of a Man,” by Rembrandt, a noble piece of work. Left Chicago by train at 6 p.m.



950. Pueblo indio, Amegat, Yucatán. P. 100

April 2nd.—A delightful morning. We were fortunate in having a pleasant party on board. During the night we passed the States of Illinois and Missouri, and awoke to find ourselves at Kansas City. There is a celebrated pottery in Kansas, and during a delay of an hour, several Indians came with pieces of ware for sale. As we continued, the ground became very flat and the view monotonous. Saw many log huts, small houses plastered with clay, a few ranches or farm houses, but often not even a tree was to be seen. Mules are used very much instead of horses as they can stand the heat better. For hundreds of miles there is no fence put up to protect the cattle, and we saw many that had been killed by the passing trains. Nearly all along the line you see little piles of wood put here and there to be used, if needed, for signal fires of distress.

April 3rd.—A lovely bright morning. Found ourselves on the plains of Colorado. We had entered the "Great American desert," including the broad States of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona.

Travellers tell us that despite the monotony, the wild unbroken space of deserts—with vast plains of pale yellow sand below, and deep blue sky above—is not without beauty, and that the pure, unlimited desert air is fresh and invigorating beyond what the dwellers in thickly peopled places can imagine, but we wearied of rolling along hour after hour with little change in the aspect of the country. There was nothing



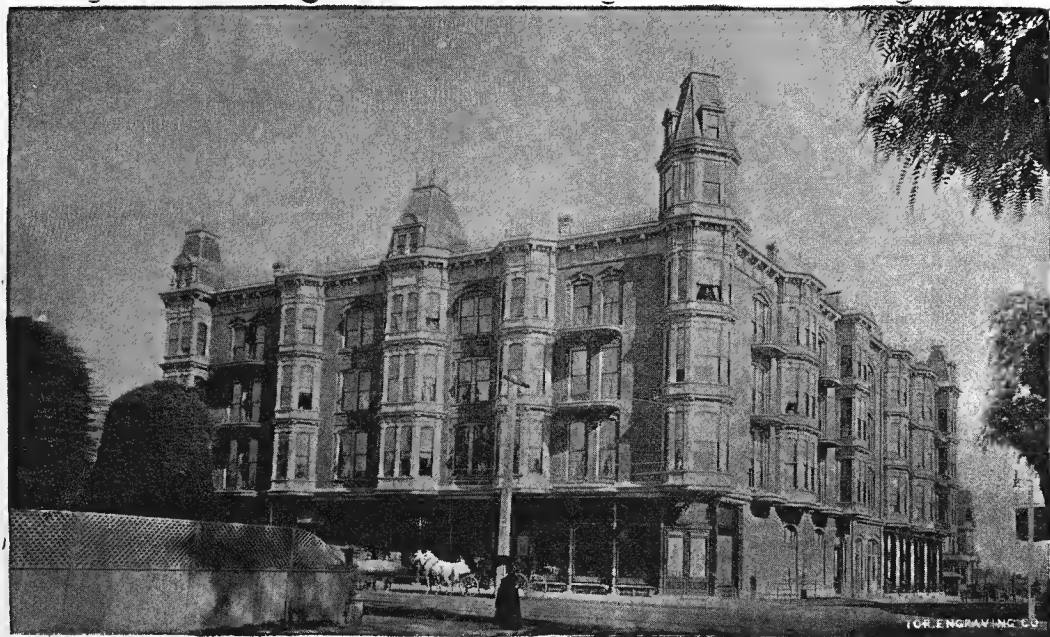
(See Page II.)

to interest or attract the eye but a few huts, and an Indian or two. Very soon after entering upon New Mexico we saw the snow-clad tops of the Rocky Mountains, at a distance of sixty miles. The road crosses them at an elevation of 7,000 feet, and the loftiest peaks look down upon it from a higher altitude of some 5,000 feet.

As we continued, cultivation became better, the houses more comfortable, and water less scarce. We were told that the whole year round the sky was always of the loveliest blue.

Passed through several small Indian settlements. None of the Indians were hard at work, but all seemed happy and contented. Suddenly we came upon a large pine forest, so grateful to the eyes after the long stretch of prairie land. We still could see the snow-capped mountains in the distance, but night came on and all was hidden from our view.

April 4th.—Morning bright. We were in the "Golden Land" of California. There the scenery changed. We stopped at a small station a few miles from noted silver mines. Waggon's drawn by twelve mules were coming in from the mines to the crushing mills, heavily laden with silver ore. The wheels were very broad, so as not to sink into the sand. As we continued, a California Indian in full costume, on his mule, was seen herding cattle. Horses are used but little in that part, mules being more hardy and better adapted to the country.



WESTMINSTER HOTEL,

The scenery became beautiful. Wild flowers abounded in all variety of shade, from the bright scarlet of the poppy, to the more modest hue of the daisy. There the cactus grows in great variety and palms and curiously shaped trees. The cattle thrive upon a natural clover called Alfalfa. It is commonly called hay, and is a very valuable and nourishing fodder. In appearance it is like coarse straw, and grows and matures so quickly that four or five crops may be cut in a season.

April 5th.—Morning fine. Our very pleasant journey was, in a few hours, to be over. We were all sorry to part, but glad to bid good-bye to the train after five nights and five days on board. About noon we approached San Bernadino. A lovely place with orange groves, trees just laden with fruit ; peach and apricot trees in full bloom, gardens of lovely flowers, scenery all round beautiful, and ever changing. The train stopped at San Bernadino thirty minutes, we had time for a short stroll, enjoying every moment of it, then we were off again.

Arrived at Los Angeles at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and went to the Westminster Hotel, a very comfortable and quiet one, pleasantly situated outside the business part of the town.

April 6th.—A lovely morning, fresh and cool. We were fortunate in meeting several friends ; visited the Chinese settlement (it is not a large one), then took the cable cars—sat outside and had a good chance of seeing the different buildings.



April 7th.—Bright morning. We went out early for a long drive, and enjoyed it very much. Saw many lovely places and handsome looking houses, flowers, roses and smilax in plenty. Lilies seemed very common, growing almost anywhere like a weed. Palms and aloes growing in the gardens, and pepper trees so graceful and pretty. It was just the time of year to see the trees in perfection. Had we been a week later, all or most of the oranges would be "clipped," (each orange has to be cut or clipped off the trees). Oranges were offered for sale as low as ten cents a dozen, and some at even five cents, but they had fallen from the trees, and would not keep long. The "Navel Orange"—a very large and most delicious fruit—is sold at five cents a-piece. In the afternoon we were pleasure seekers and pleasure finders.

The population of Los Angeles is 75,000. The public buildings are of granite, massive in structure, and architecturally beautiful. Its streets are wide, paved with asphalt. Many of the private residences are of wood, beautifully designed and handsome in appearance. Several of the street car lines are run on the cable system.

April 8th.—A fine morning. We left Los Angeles at 8.30 a.m. for Riverside, 63 miles distant, and the centre of the orange growing district. Had luncheon at the Arlington, then drove through the orange, lemon and olive groves, also the Magnolia Avenue, the gem of the place. This avenue extends 9 miles into the country. The roadway is 150 feet wide—is double-planted on both sides and in the centre with orna-

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

CORONADO BEACH
CALIFORNIA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THE BROWN PHOTO GRAVURE
MILWAUKEE WIS.



mental shade trees of varieties unknown in northern latitudes ; the cypress, the palm, the magnolia, the eucalyptus, and the pepper. Hedges of clipped cypress border the avenue on both sides, behind which you can see the deep green foliage and the blossoms and fruit of the orange trees. Now and then you catch a glimpse of the tops of snow-capped mountains in the distance, sometimes above the clouds. We drove to one of the orange groves, where there were several men at work clipping the fruit. They gave us nice clusters of oranges and lemons from the trees, and bunches of "orange blossoms."

The trees in the different groves are planted in regular lines, sometimes extending farther than the eye can reach. To irrigate these large groves they dig trenches all along between the lines of trees and let the water run in from reservoirs. Artesian wells are very much in use. It was the most enjoyable drive one could possibly have.

We left Riverside at 3 o'clock p.m. for San Diego. Arrived there at 8.30, took the bus, drove on to the ferry-boat "bus and all," and crossed the bay to Coronado, beautifully situated on the peninsula forming the bay of San Diego, and commanding a view of the Pacific on one side and of San Diego on the other. We drove to the Hotel Del Coronado, one of the most beautifully situated hotels in the world (can accommodate eleven hundred guests), with its magnificent appointments, many luxurious comforts and lovely surroundings. It stands unrivaled as "The Queen of seaside resorts." The



THE ENGRAVING

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whole building is brilliantly lighted by 2,500 incandescent lights. There are lovely gardens and places of amusement of every description. Fishing, hunting, horse-back riding and delightful driving can be had at all times.

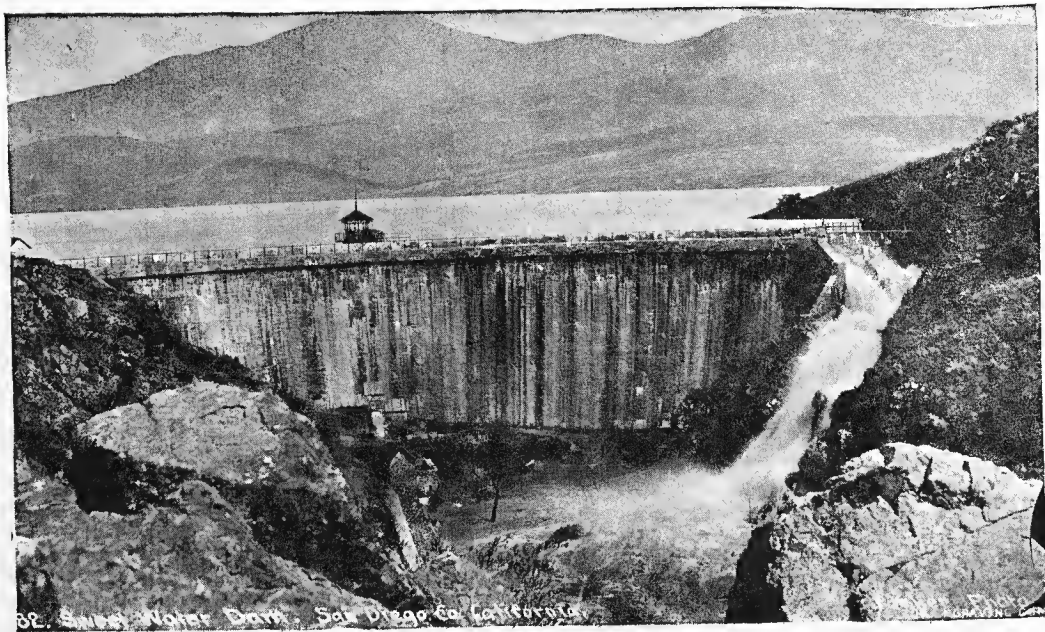
April 9th.—A lovely morning. Visited the ostrich farm, not very interesting. Afterwards we took a long walk on the beach and watched the proudly rolling waves.

There is something very attractive about the rolling waters, and the noise of the waves coming and going. One could sit for hours "Listening to the sweet-sad song of waters playing on the shore." In the afternoon we visited the ruins of an old mission church said to be over a hundred years old, and whiled away the remaining hours with idleness and ease.

April 10th.—Fine, bright morning. Left by the early train (9 o'clock), to visit on the Mexican side. A party of three accompanied us. We found a terrible storm, termed there a "cloud-burst," had swept a whole village away. A bus met us at the frontier, and we drove to the custom house (a small wooden structure), got some of the stamps, then went into the Mexican store of "fancy frees," and secured several pretty mementos.

Returning, we went by train to "Sweet Water Dam," considered a place of interest, and the largest dam in America, but once seen is enough.

April 11th.—Lovely bright morning. Left the hotel at half-past seven o'clock,



02. Sweet Water Dam, San Diego Co. California.

took train for Los Angeles, where we changed cars for San Francisco. Nothing of particular interest on the way ; climbed the coast mountain range and crossed the Nevado desert, very much like the deserts of Colorado and Arizona, only on a much smaller scale ; passed through many tunnels ; went up a very large mountain during the night. We could distinctly hear the panting of two large engines. We again saw large limbed cactus trees, sand and sage bush. A drop of 4,800 feet from the mountain pass brought us into the Pagaro valley, only thirty feet above the level of the sea. Here farming seemed to be carried on upon a large scale. Saw a number of the ucalyptus or Australian gum trees, planted near the farm houses as wind-breaks. A characteristic of this tree is that the leaves hang edge-ways to the sky, and it sheds its bark instead of the leaves.

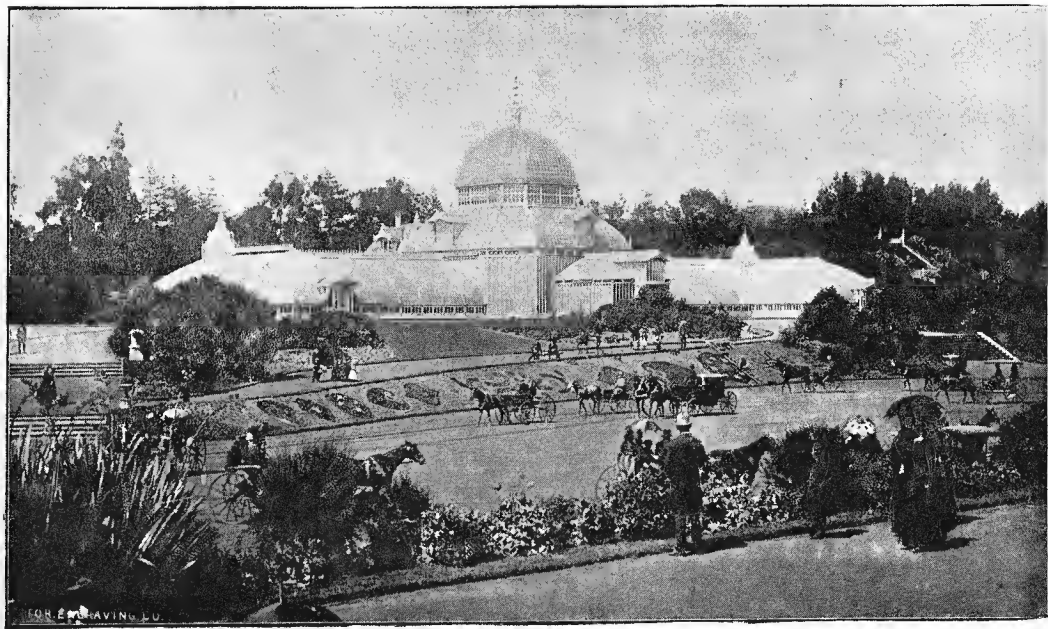
April 12th.—Bright morning. Still on the train, did not arrive at Oaklands (six miles from San Francisco), until one o'clock p. m., where our train left us. An immense ferry-boat took us across the bay to San Francisco. We then took bus to the Palace Hotel, the largest and one of the best. We were very glad to rest a little after thirty hours on the train. How different to our quiet restful Sundays ! Theatres open, and all kinds of amusements going on ; streets filled with people going here, there and everywhere ; cars going in every direction with their different colored lights—green, red and white, all jumbled together *en masse*.



PALACE HOTEL.

April 13th.—A lovely morning. We went for a stroll—visited China Town—quite a large place ; and the mica stores, where we bought several little things ; saw some of the Chinese women with their hair done up in their own peculiar way. Their hair seemed to be dressed with some kind of “oil,” and looked very black and glossy—more like ebony than hair ; they wear no caps or covering on the head. The men wear only their long “pig-tails,” of which they are very proud. They shave one-half of the head. If any Chinaman dresses or has his hair cut like a Christian, he is not acknowledged at all by his own race. It was very amusing to see little bits of boys with their long pig-tails.

Chinamen perform most of the manual labor in this country. They seemed industrious workers, quiet and inoffensive in their habits, and are said to be trustworthy and generally liked by their employers. They are very quick at imitating, and after two or three lessons, make splendid cooks, some of the best pastry we had the pleasure of tasting was made by a Chinaman cook. They always wear beautiful white stockings and their own peculiar kind of shoes. We went a long way on the cable cars, up and down hills too steep for horse cars ; saw many splendid mansions ; any number of elegant hotels ; large handsome stores and many large public buildings, all massive in structure. We could not help noticing the very great height of the buildings.

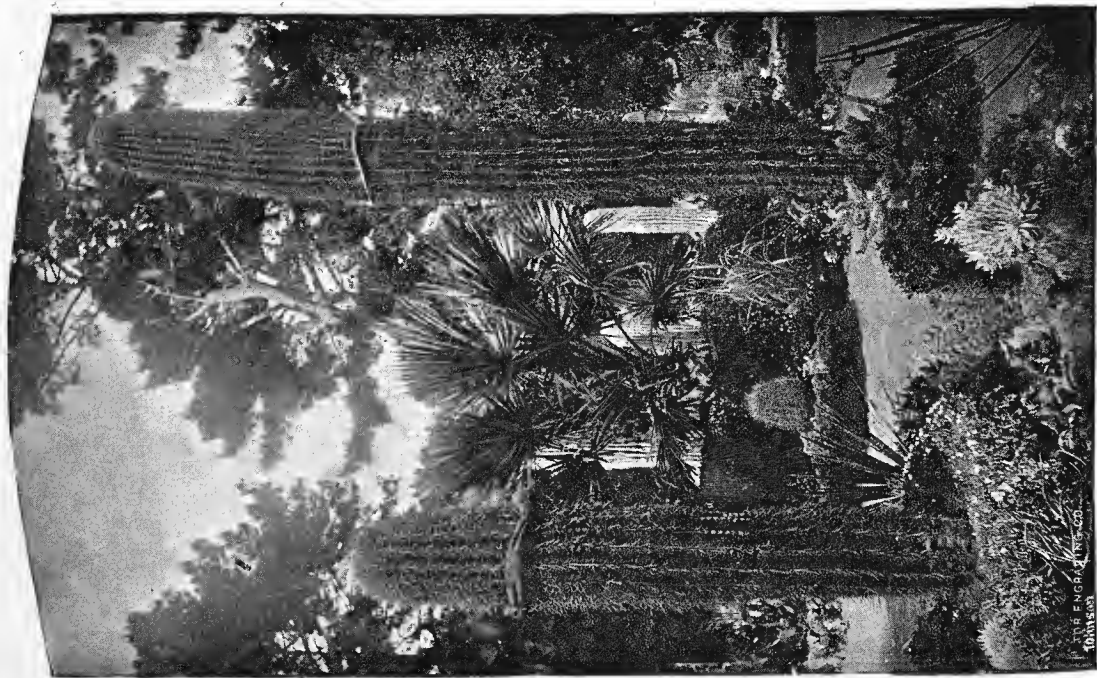


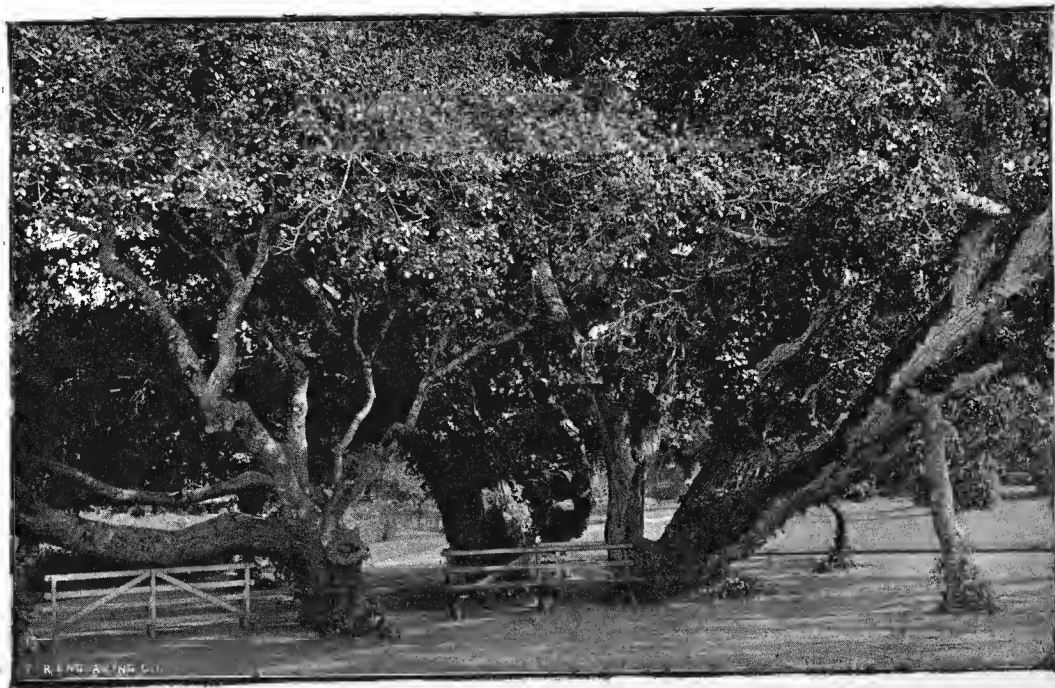
GOLDEN GATE PARK.

In many ways San Francisco puts one in mind of New York. It is thought to be the busiest place for its size in the world; the population is 297,990; all is fuss and bustle. It is a great place for shipping, no end of vessels in port. One cannot speak very favourable of the climate, on account of the high and chilling winds. It has the reputation of being the windiest spot on the Pacific coast. The ladies wear all kinds of costumes, some with winter garb on—even furs, others in spring attire.

April 14th.—Fine morning. We took a cable car to the Golden Gate Park. Then went by train to the sea coast and Cliff House, about an hour's run. Saw the Seal Rocks with hundreds of seals on them. They are called the lion seal, and are protected by Government. It was very amusing to watch them jumping in and out of the sea, and on to the rocks, they have a peculiar grunt like a "hog." Then we went to Sutro Heights, a gentleman's residence quite close to Cliff House. The grounds are most beautifully laid out, and thrown open to the public, it was well worth a visit.

On our return we visited the Golden Gate Park of which too much cannot be said. It certainly was the place to see "life." We lunched at the Casino. There are several very large conservatories, with any number of very rare and beautiful plants.





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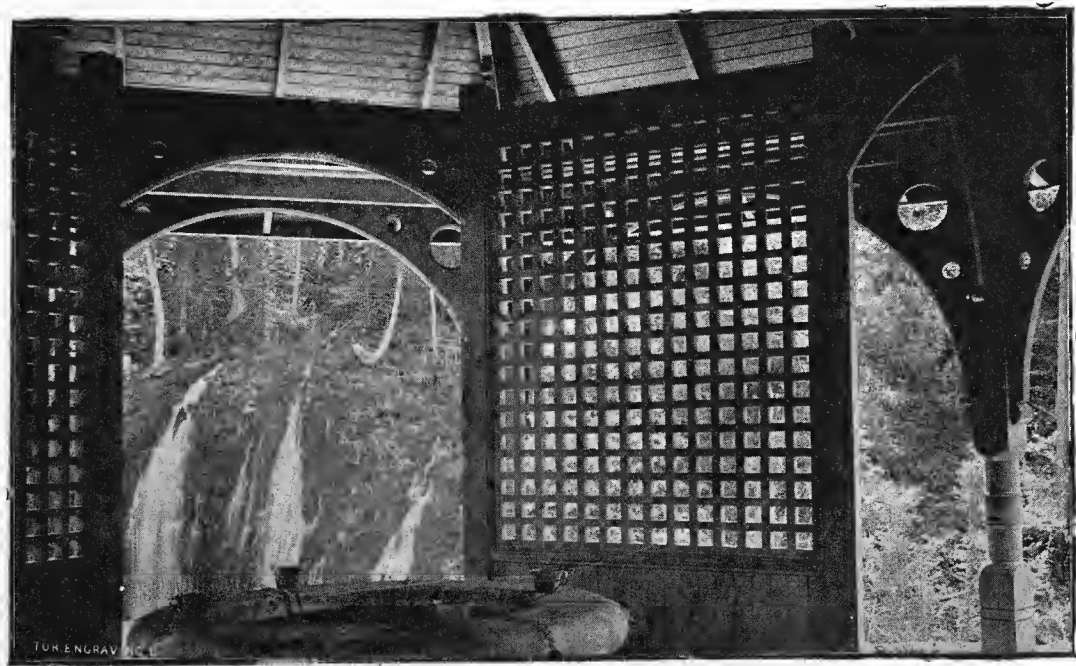


HOTEL DEL MONTE.

April 15th.—Lovely morning. At 3 o'clock p.m. left San Francisco for Monterey, 120 miles farther south. This celebrated place is reached through the Santa Clara Valley, the most beautiful, picturesque and fruitful stretch of country in the Golden State. As we continued, saw many lovely gardens, handsome private residences, with extensive grounds, most beautifully laid out. Also carefully clipped cypress hedges which frequently border the railroads for miles and add greatly to the scenery. One could not help noticing the native trees, the noble oaks, beeches, and the famous "redwoods." There are ninety-two of the latter, ten being thirty feet in diameter, and are from 1,000 to 3,500 years of age. The largest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California.

At 7.30 in the evening our train stopped at the pretty little private station belonging to the Hotel Del Monte, which is about a mile from the old Spanish town of Monterey. Several busses were in waiting, and we drove to the hotel. It can accommodate 750 guests. Situated in the midst of a wooded grove, consisting for the most part of live-oaks and pines. It is a very beautiful resort, with its magnificent grounds and luxurious accommodations.

There is a lovely drive of eighteen miles, which runs from the hotel to Monterey, and then turns to the left and ascends a long hill of easy grade ; the top is the crest of the ridge, which runs out from the mainland, and just beyond this a scene of surpassing



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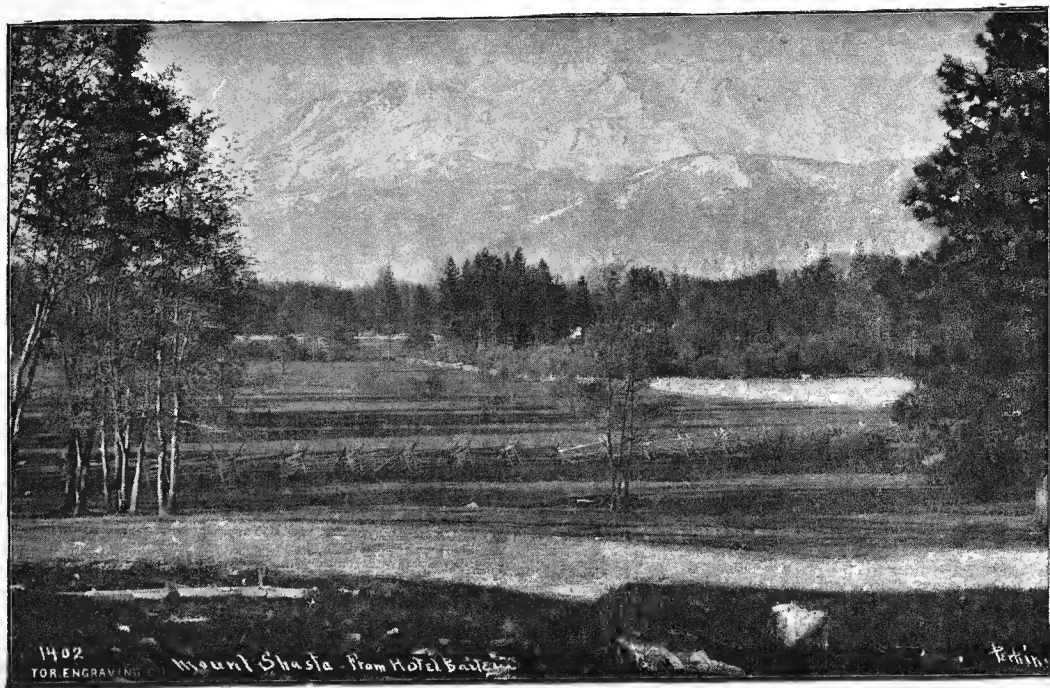
beauty bursts upon the vision. Far below in dark blue splendor are the waters of Carmel Bay. The scenery is diversified with ocean, bay, lake and streamlet, mountain, hill and valley, and groves of oak, cypress, spruce, pine and other trees, embracing everything that is grand and beautiful in nature. Lovely flowers bloom in December as in May. We could hear the roar of the rolling waters and see the lion seals sporting in the deep.

The bathing facilities of the Del Monte are unsurpassed. A large pavilion stands near the sea, in which are four immense swimming tanks ; one tanks is left at its natural temperature, the others are heated ; these tanks are filled once a day direct from the sea. In the evening we strolled about the grounds, and had the pleasure of meeting several of our old fellow-travellers.

April 16th.—Very dull, wet morning. It rained all day.

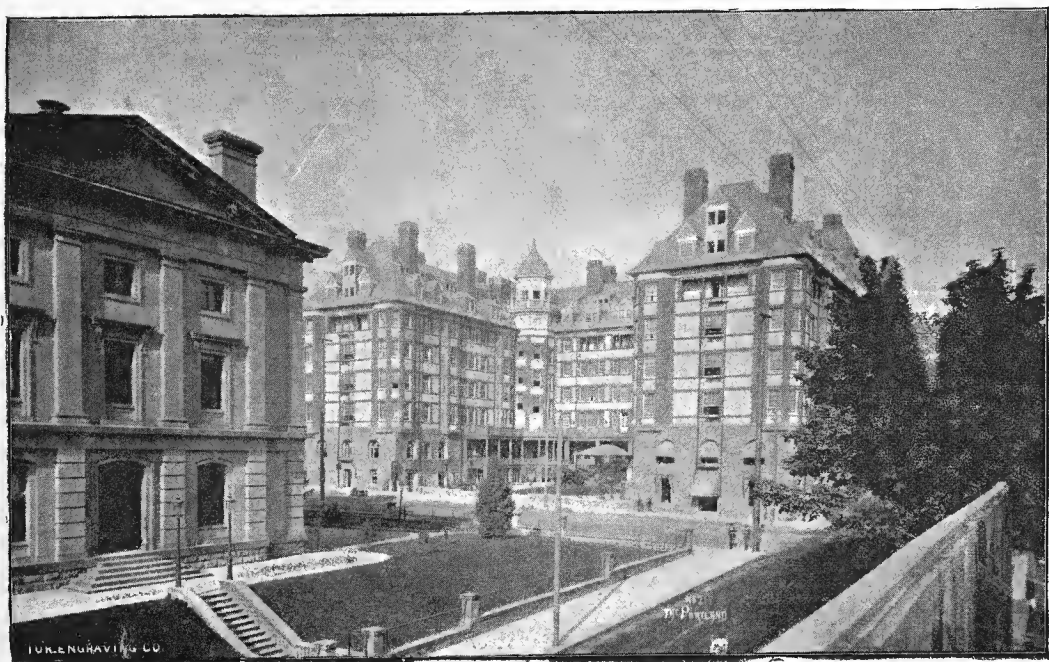
April 17th.—Bright morning. We enjoyed an eighteen-mile drive, had a pleasant party of three with us, got back in time for luncheon, and left the hotel at 2 o'clock p.m. for San Francisco. Arrived at the Palace Hotel at 7 o'clock p.m., and attended the usual Friday night concert.

April 18th.—Dull morning. Left San Francisco at 8.30 p.m. for Portland, Oregon, our next stopping place, nearly 800 miles north of "Frisco." Crossed the bay on the steamer. The train was waiting, and we soon were speeding on our way.



April 19th.—A lovely morning. Admired the scenery all day. As we continued it grew in beauty and grandeur, surpassing that of any other road over which we had passed, the windings of the Sacramento river greatly enhancing it. From the side hills along which the rails are carried one looks down upon the valleys 3,000 feet in depth, clothed with splendid pines and firs. It was grand to behold, yet awe inspiring, as we went cutting our way up and down mountains, crossing bridges, and going through tunnels. The highest point we gained was 4,150 feet, and we descended at the rate of 1,900 feet in the space of twelve miles. It was really a frightful experience, every moment seeming a play between life and death.

We stopped at the natural soda springs, and after the long ride on the cars we were refreshed with the cool and satisfying water. In one place in the rock there is a spout of the soda water, some seventy feet high. We got glimpses of the snow-clad summits of the coast mountain range at various points, and a splendid view of Mount Shasta, at the foot of which the train stopped half an hour. The height of Mount Shasta is 14,442 feet. It was completely covered with snow from the timber line to the summit, and stood out from its background of deep blue sky as clearly as a diamond. For a distance of seventy or eighty miles it could be seen distinctly in the clear atmosphere.



LORENZ & CO

W. P. PETERSON

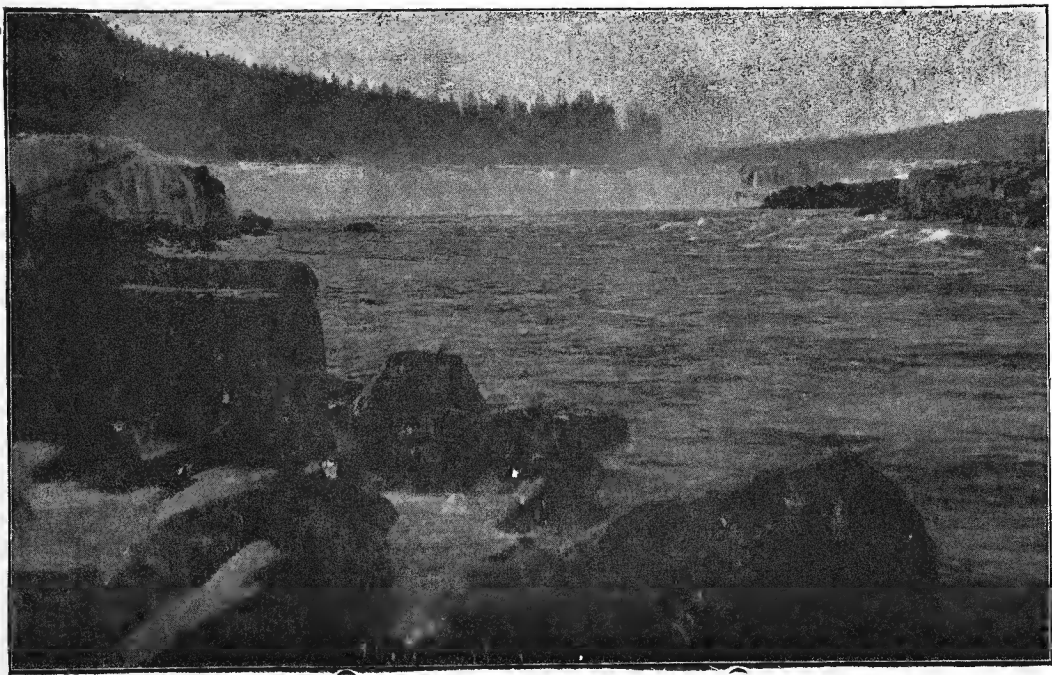


LAKE WASHINGTON

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WILLEMATTE FALLS.

Before reaching Portland we passed through the Willematte Valley, one of the most fruitful agricultural plains in the United States.

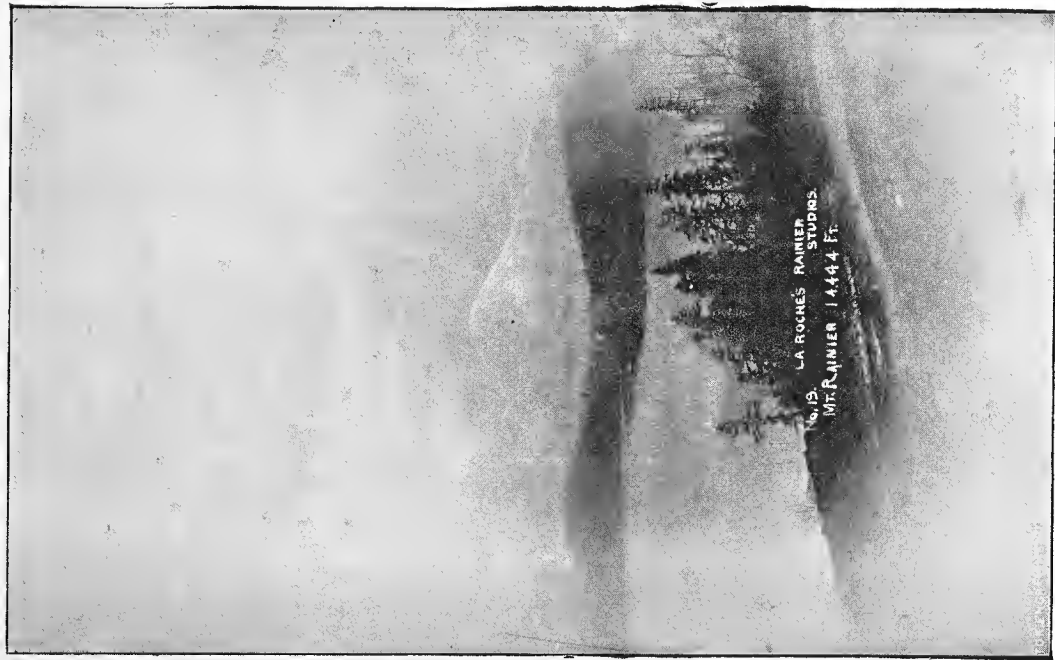
April 20th.—A bright morning. Still on the train. We arrived at Portland about noon, took the bus to the Portland Hotel. Went to see the park, but behold! there was nothing to see but the place they intend for a park in the future, then took the cable cars up to the heights, where we had a fine view of the city and its surroundings. It is wonderful how the cable cars go up and down such hills, the cars are almost perpendicular at times.

Portland is a fine city, population is 47,294. Many fine, handsome buildings, and seemingly lots of business going on.

April 21st.—Rather a dull morning. Left Portland at 11 o'clock a.m. by train for Tacoma, Washington, arriving there at 7 o'clock in the evening. A long day on the train in Washington Territory. We stopped at a number of small places on the way. Some very small, only a few houses to be seen scattered here and there, quite a new country, but a very rich one.

We stopped at the Tacoma Hotel. This city has some very large buildings, handsome stores and electric cars, population is 35,858.

April 22nd.—A very wet morning. We left Tacoma at 8 o'clock a.m. by steamer City of Kingston, for Seattle, Washington. Unfortunately it rained hard, so could

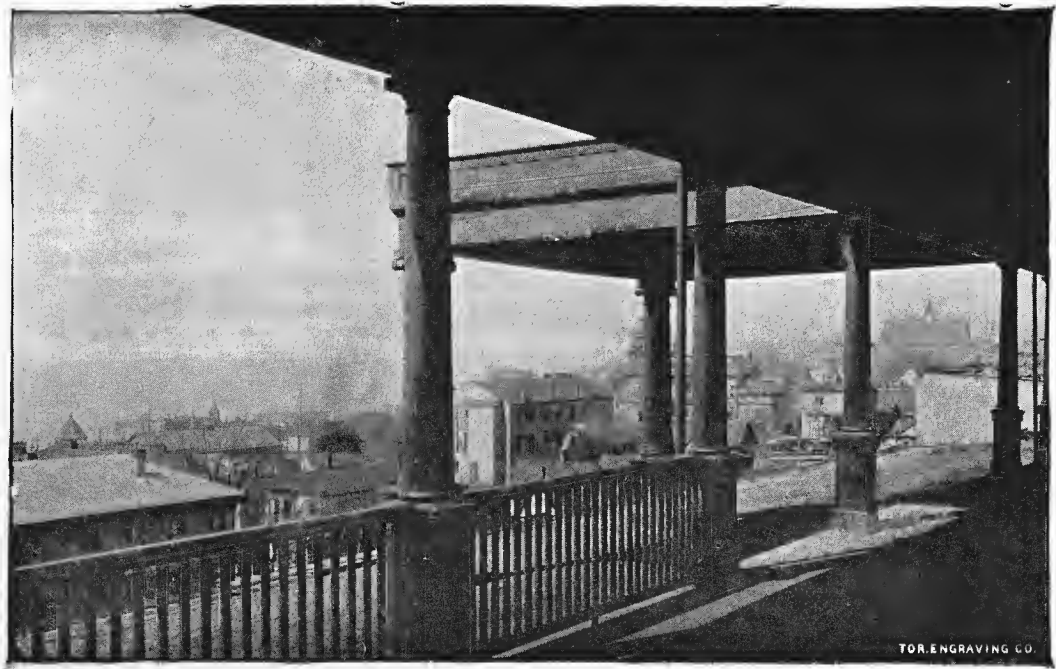


U.S. LA ROCHE RAINIER
STUDIOS.
MT. RAINIER 14,444 FT.

not see much. Arrived at ten o'clock a.m. took two-wheeled cab to the Rainier Hotel. A very good one. The hills are so steep that they cannot use a bus. The city is built on "terraces." The view from our room window at the hotel was grand, with verandah in front we were on a level with the chimneys of the houses and buildings on the opposite side of the road, but oh! the hills were dreadful to get up and down. And a novel thing for us Canadians going up and down hill after hill in the cable car.

April 23rd.—Fine morning. In the clear atmosphere Mount Rainier, height 14,444 feet, could be seen distinctly. It was completely covered with snow, and looked so grand and majestic in its lone splendor.

In the afternoon took cable car out to Washington Lake, very pretty, with lovely little cottages here and there on the banks, boat-houses, and a large pavilion. Lake twenty-eight miles long. We were surprised to read the following morning an account of our doings, taken from one of the Seattle (Washington Territory) newspapers, *Post Intelligencer*:—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pellatt, of Toronto and Orillia, Canada, who have been spending several days at the Rainier Hotel, leave this morning for their home. Mr. Pellatt, an Englishman by birth, has spent many years in this country, and has been remarkably successful in business. He is senior member of the prominent firm of Toronto



HOTEL RAINIER,

TOR ENGRAVING CO.

brokers, Pellatt & Pellatt, and he would be picked out from a crowd as a type of the keen, energetic, and prosperous Anglo-American. "We have been making a tour of Southern California," said he last evening, "and we are now returning by the Canadian Pacific. Of course, I am interested in seeing as much of this country as possible, for our trade relations are so close. I am not one of those Canadians who believe in free trade and absolute reciprocity, but I want to see somewhat closer commercial relations than we have at present; somewhat freer trade. That, I think, would benefit us both. But we yet have a number of industries which, I believe, we ought to foster by protection, just as you have fostered yours. As yet they are not strong enough to endure a sharp competition. My position in this matter is simply that of the average sound business man, who judges the situation by business principles. It is possible that some fine day in the remote future, we shall see political union between the States and Canada—Annexation. But that will not be in my time, nor in yours. That is a golden dream for a millenium."

Seattle is a large, busy place, population 40,000. Some think it will be a second Chicago. Very many magnificent buildings, large handsome stores, splendid market. The Hotel Rainier was built just after the great fire two years ago in seventy days. It is really wonderful to see the place now, with all the fine buildings and handsome houses.



What an active spirited, "go ahead people" the Americans are, they stop at nothing.

Seattle is named after the Indian chief *Sealth* or *Seatele*, who lived to be over a hundred years old. His daughter Angeline, now living, is ninety-eight. She can speak English well, and on the 6th of May, is to have an interview with the President of the United States, who is now on a tour through Southern California, and expects to be in Seattle at that time. Great preparations are now going on for his visit.

April 24th.—A lovely morning. Left by steamer City of Kingston, at 10 o'clock a.m., and bade good-bye to the "stars and stripes." On the steamer we met several Toronto and Oshawa friends which made it very pleasant for all of us. Had a most delightful trip, arriving at Victoria, British Columbia, soon after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Went to the Driard Hotel, very good.

April 25th.—A bright morning. Went by cable car to Esquimalt Harbor, two miles from Victoria; it is the British naval station and rendezvous on the North Pacific, with naval storehouses, workshops, graving docks, etc. Saw two men-of-war, one getting ready to start for Chili. The captain of the other and one of his officers kindly took us on board and showed us all over. It was very interesting, all enjoyed the morning. Later on, visited Beacon Hill Park. A really grand place for a park, great water frontage, and a fine view of the snow-clad mountains on every side. There



(See Page 18.)

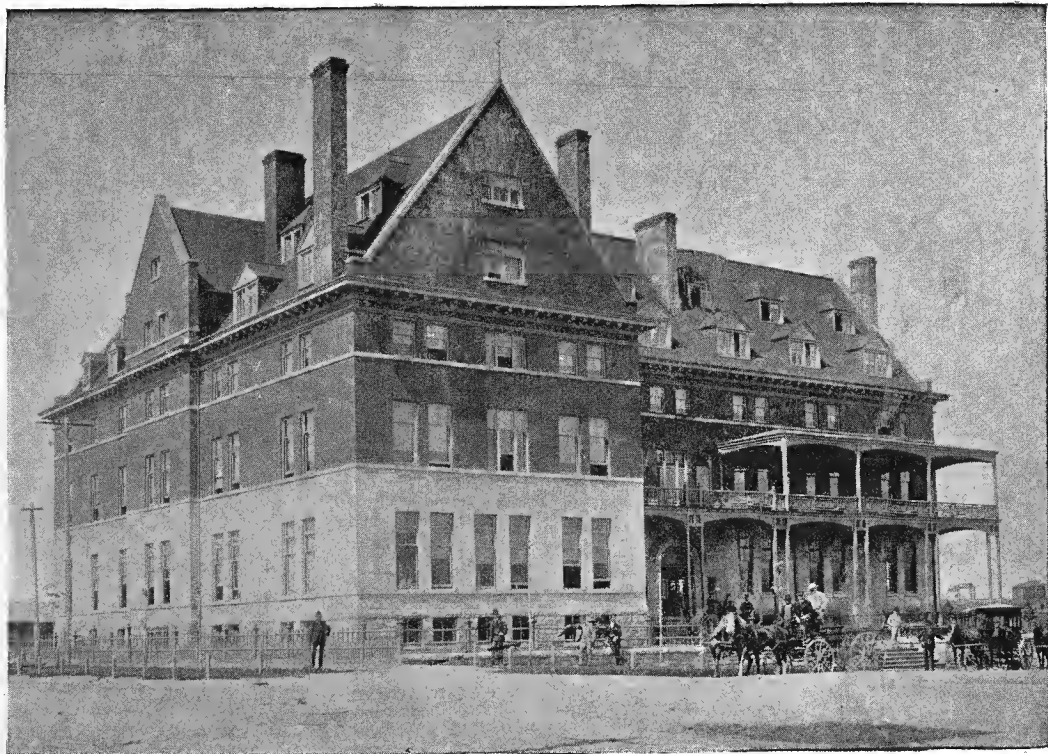
were several games of cricket and baseball going on, many carriages with gaily dressed ladies enjoying the lovely drives ; resting places in plenty, and lovely country walks. No cultivated flowers as yet, but wild flowers in abundance. There is a beautiful large pond with a quaint looking stone bridge across it.

April 26th.—Fine morning. Went to church and enjoyed the service very much.

April 27th.—Dull morning. Visited the Chinese quarter, always interesting to visitors. Rain came on and lasted all afternoon and evening.

At ten o'clock, p.m., went to the steamer, and left at two in the morning for Vancouver. Victoria is charmingly situated at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island. It looks westward through the Straits of Fuca to the Pacific. Across the straits are the beautiful Olympic Mountains, and far away to the east the white cone of Mount Baker is conspicuous. The climate is that of the south of England, and the town is peculiarly English in its characteristics. Besides the Government offices the city has many fine public and private buildings. There were quite a number of Chinamen about. They are employed at the hotels for all the domestic work. The population of Victoria is 20,000.

April 28th.—Fine morning. Arrived at Vancouver at 10 o'clock, a.m., took bus to the Hotel Vancouver, a fine hotel in every way. Went to see the arrival of the steamer Empress of India from her trip round the world. There was quite a

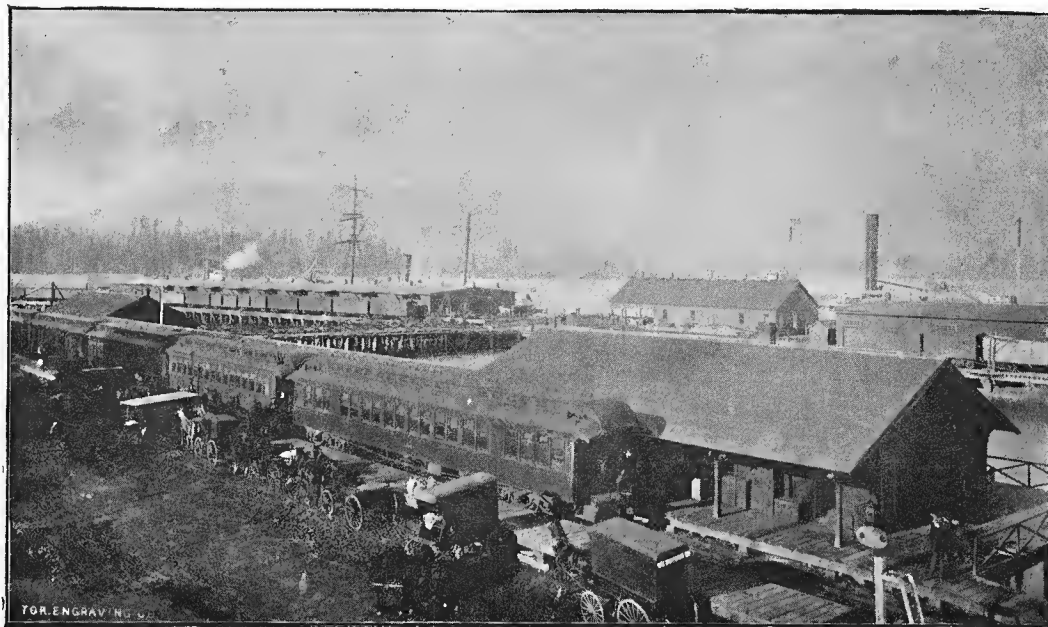


HOTEL VANCOUVER.

little excitement. A large number of passengers were on board. Many left by special train (Mr. W. C. Van Horne, President of the C. P. R., and party, being at Vancouver, and waiting with the train ready for the arrival of the steamer), and many came to the hotel. Among them, some Toronto people.

April 29th.—A lovely morning. A party of nine of us drove round Stanley Park. A beautiful resort, overlooking English Bay, with delightful walks and drives, it is a most charming spot. We got out of the carriages several times to see the “big trees,” nine of us taking hands could only reach round the one-half of some of them. One was hollowed out, and a few seats placed within. A party of thirty or forty could comfortably stand inside. The scenery is grand ; the situation perfect. The morning was full of pleasure.

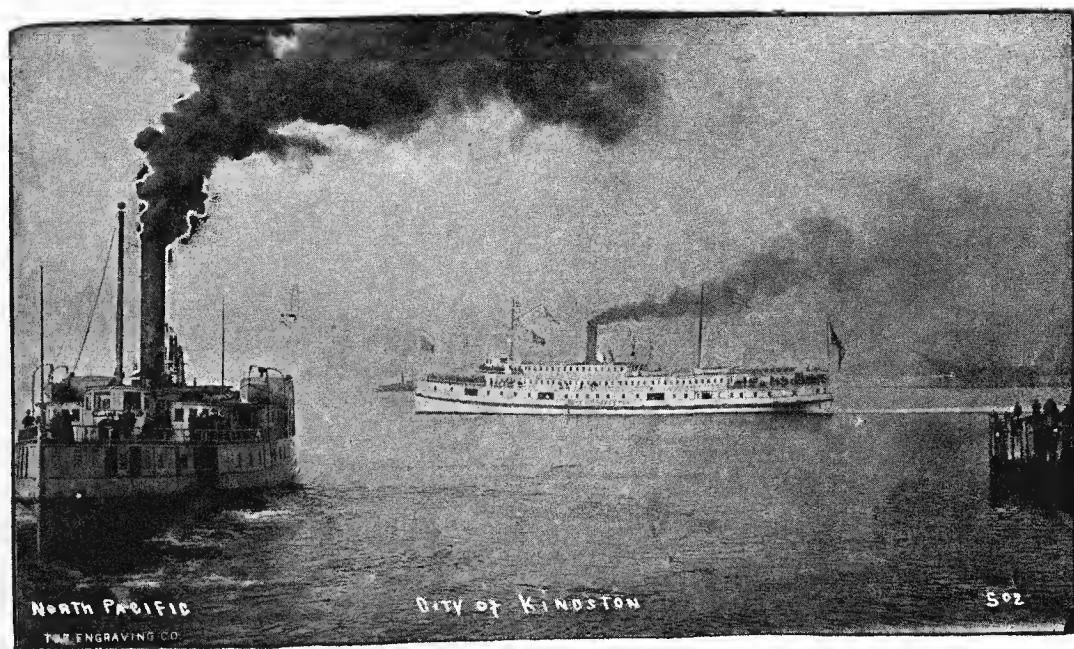
After luncheon we went to the steamer Empress of India. Saw a number of Chinamen at their dinner. They squatted down in a circle ; each had a bowl and “chop-sticks.” They helped themselves out of a big tin of boiled rice and smelts. Some three hundred and fifty arrived by the steamer. Each one had to pay a fee of fifty dollars to enter the country. In the evening a ball was given by the President and Directors of The Vancouver Art Society, in honor of the visitors by the C. P. R. steamship, Empress of India.



TOR. ENGRAVING CO.

April 30th—A dull morning. We went out for a lovely walk. Left Vancouver at 1 o'clock, p.m., for Banff.

Vancouver is the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1886 the population was only 600, but in July of that year the memorable fire spreading from the surrounding forest completely swept away every house but one in the place. It has since been rebuilt entirely by Canadians, and in the present year the population is 15,000. There are seven saw mills in operation. Handsome business blocks and private residences, built of brick and stone. Vancouver has five public and several private schools, among which is a high school lately established. None of the churches can boast much in the way of architecture, but their pulpits are occupied by able men. The various denominations are well represented. The city is well lighted both by gas and electricity, and has an electric street railway. A new electrical tramway company have recently built, and are now operating a road between Vancouver and New Westminster. The Canadian Pacific railway company have expended over a quarter of a million in the Hotel Vancouver and the opera house, and are now building a depot that will be in keeping with the railway. It has already extensive wharves and warehouses. The government is building a granite post-office which will be exceptionally fine ; the foundation is nearly finished.



NORTH PACIFIC

CITY OF KINGSTON

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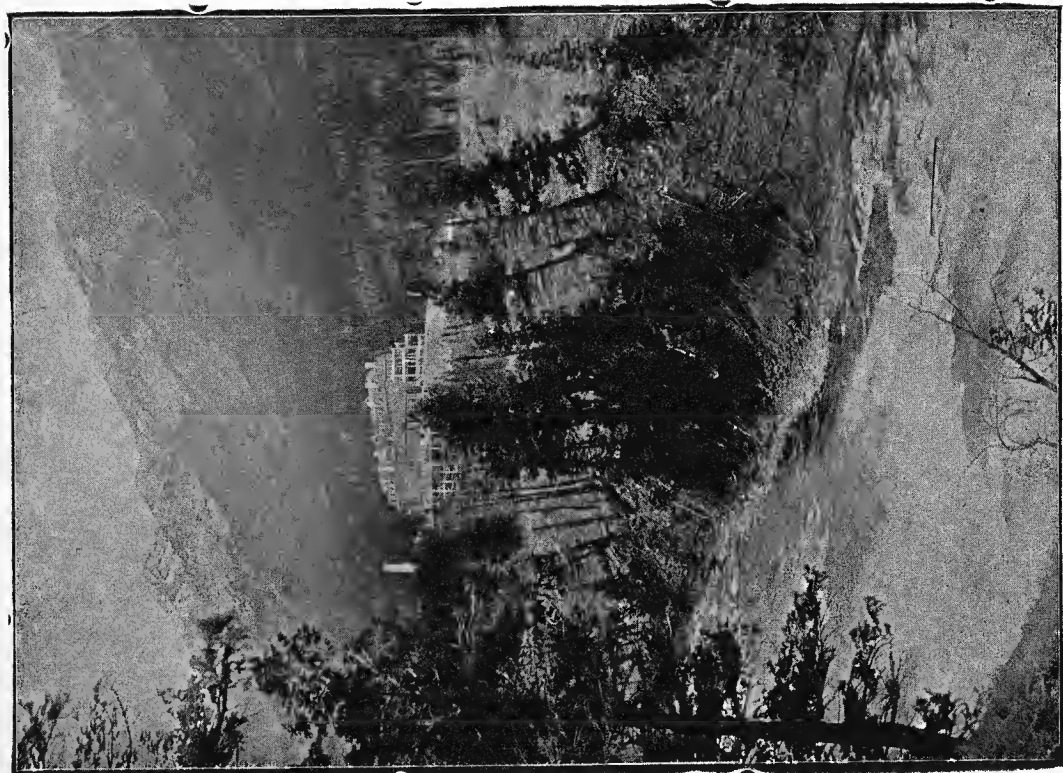
T.W. ENGRAVING CO.

(See Page 43.)

The scenery all about is magnificent. The Cascade Mountains near at hand at the north ; the Mountains of Vancouver Island across the water at the west ; the Olympics at the south west ; and Mount Baker looming up at the south east. Opportunities for sport are unlimited. Mountain goats, bear, and deer in the hills along the inlet ; trout-fishing in the mountain streams, and sea-fishing in endless variety.

May 1st.—A bright morning. Still on the train ; scenery grand all the way. Arrived at Glacier House in time for dinner (altitude 4,122 feet). Station and hotel within twenty minutes walk of the great Glacier “Sir Donald,” a naked and abrupt pyramid to a height of more than a mile and a half above the railway. This stately monolith was named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The mountains are covered with ice and snow that have been there for ages. We did not arrive at Banff until midnight. Had then two miles drive in a bus to the hotel. The night was intensely dark.

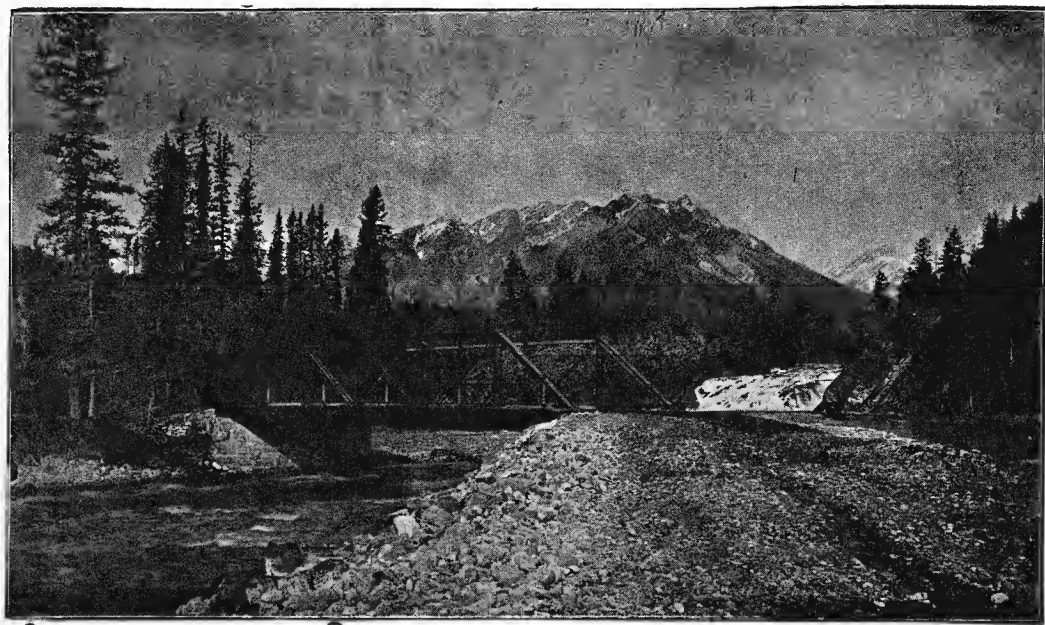
May 2nd.—A lovely morning. The following lines, written of the British Columbian Rockies give full expression to our own experience :—



“ With skies low-bending softly o'er us, enchanted, we silently gaze on the scene :
It's beauty is ever beyond our telling, and the soul whispers, ' Like to the
Worlds unseen.' Alone in their splendor the snow-wreath'd mountains
Are brilliant ablaze with the sun's first rays, and the golden glow of
The morn is chasing the gloom of the night from the deep winding vale.
Above and beyond all lands we have wander'd till the earth-born clouds
Are afloat at our feet, and far beneath through the dizziness of distance
The crystal-flowing rivers are sweet purling streams.”

“ Forest green is the mantled mountain,
Diamond-decked is her sun-kissed brow,
Bending boughs over leaping waters
Sigh when the breeze from the sea is nigh.”

May 3rd.—Bright morning. One must see Banff to appreciate it. It is completely surrounded by mountains. The springs are at different elevations upon the eastern slope of Sulphur Mountain, the highest being 700 feet above the Bow River. All are reached by fine roads, commanding glorious landscapes. The more important springs have been improved by the government, and picturesque bathing houses have been erected and placed under the care of attendants. In one locality is a pool inside a dome-roofed cave ; and near by another spring forms an open basin of warm sulphurous water. It is at once, a medicinal watering place and

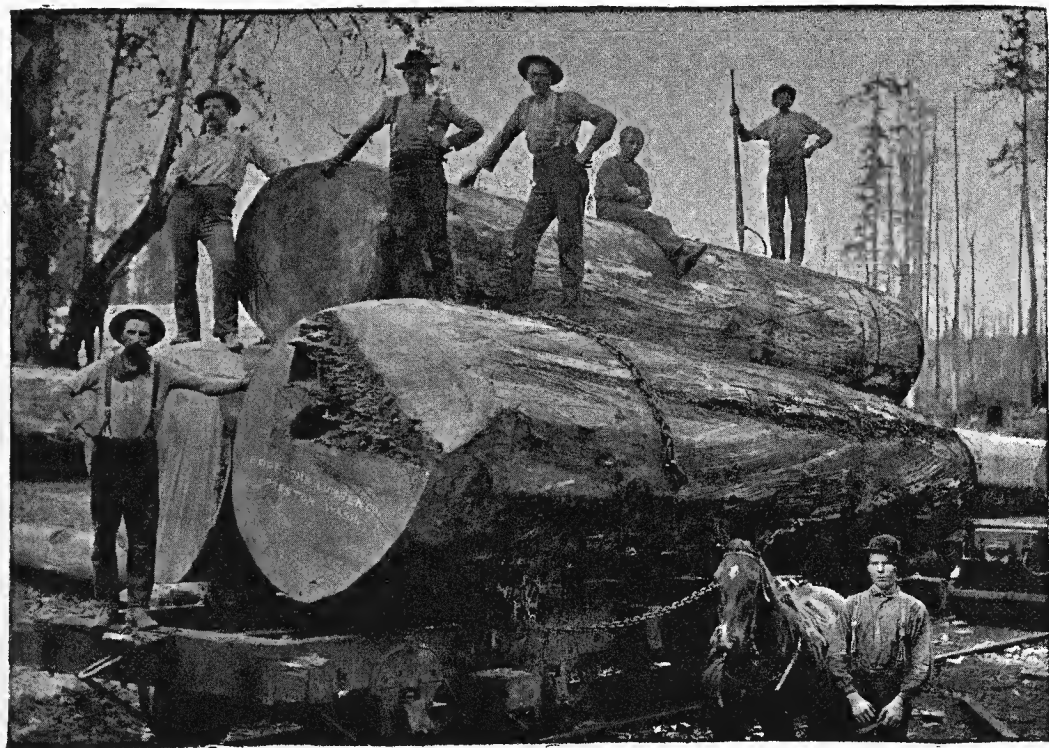


MEETING OF THE WATERS, BANFF.

pleasure resort. The air was fresh and grand, but made one very sleepy. It is one of the many places we visited that we left with regret. The weather was beautiful, now and then a little snow falling, but it added to the grandeur of the scene. The village of Banff is two miles southwest of the station (alt. 4,500 feet). A steel bridge takes the carriage-road across to the magnificent new hotel, built by the railway company near the fine falls in the Bow and the mouth of the rapid Spray River. This hotel has every modern convenience and luxury, including baths supplied from the hot sulphur springs. The highest mountain visible exceeds 10,000 feet.

May 4th.—We left Banff at 10 o'clock, a.m. A gentleman friend kindly inviting us to share with him a private car to Calgary, we did so with pleasure, enjoying the grand scenery. We arrived at Calgary about four in the afternoon. Went to the Alberta Hotel.

May 5th.—A fine morning. A friend called and very kindly took us out for a long drive over the prairies. Had a lovely view of the mountains, and from some of the hills had a grand view of the town. In the afternoon another friend called and took us for a drive to the Indian settlement or reserve, some seven miles out. We saw about fifty of the Indian tents, and quite a number of Indians and squaws of the Sarcee tribe ("Head above water"). They had a lot of fine dogs, some of which they were fattening for a "dog-feast." Saw many of the tribe of Indians in

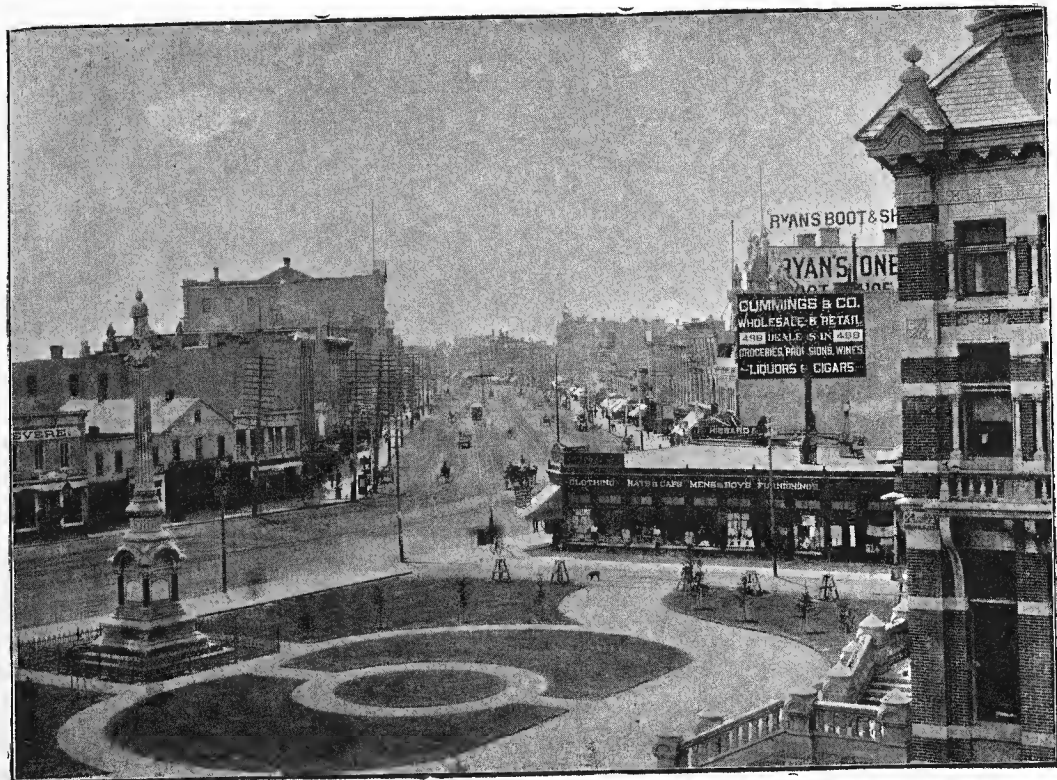


the town painted and in full dress, on their horses. They are obliged to leave town before dark.

We got back from our drive soon after 5 o'clock. After we returned to the hotel we went by appointment to have our photos taken by lime light ; it was great fun. Returned to hotel soon after 11 o'clock. As we intended leaving Calgary by train at 3 o'clock a.m., we sat up the few remaining hours.

There is not much business done in Calgary until after 12 noon ; hot sun, wind and dust all early morning. The evenings are really lovely ; so many prefer enjoying them and retiring at a late or rather early hour. Calgary is the most important, as well as the handsomest town between Brandon and Vancouver. It is charmingly situated on a hill-girt plateau, overlooked by the white peaks of the rockies. It is the centre of the trade of the great ranching country, and the chief source of supply for the mining districts in the mountains beyond. Excellent building materials abound in the vicinity. Lumber is largely made here from logs floated down the Bow River. Calgary is an important station of the mounted police, and a post of the Hudsons' Bay Company (alt. 3,388 feet). Population 5,000.

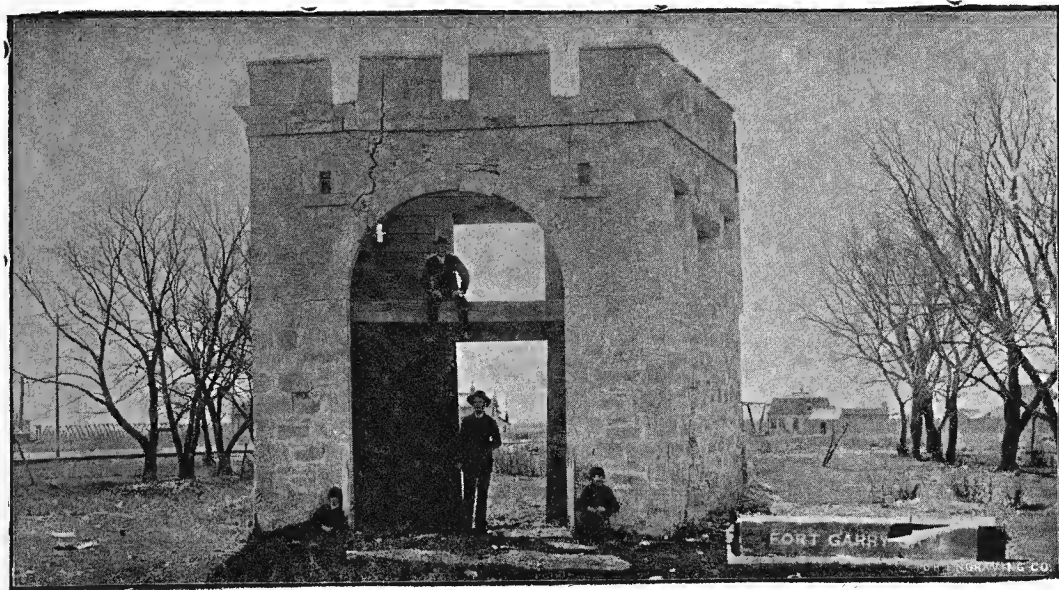
May 6th.—A bright morning. On our way to Winnipeg. All along the prairie for miles and miles not a tree nor a house was to be seen. Stopped at a number of small stations. At Medicine Hat the train stopped thirty minutes, and we had a talk



with some of the Indians and squaws, many of whom were there with articles for sale : buffalo horns mounted ; baskets, blankets, etc. The town is already an important one, and has several churches and other public buildings. A station of the mounted police is established there. There are several coal mines in the vicinity, and the river is navigable for steamboats for some distance above, and for 800 miles below to Lake Winnipeg (alt. 2,150 feet). Population 1,200. We regretted passing Regina at night.

May 7th.—A lovely morning. Brandon was the next place we came to. Population 6,000. Has the largest grain market in Manitoba. It has five grain elevators, a flourmill, and a sawmill. The town is beautifully situated on high ground, and although only ten years old has well made streets, and many substantial buildings. The standard time changes there to "mountain" time, one hour slower, leaving only one hour difference in time between Brandon and Toronto. The difference between Toronto time and the Coast time was three hours. The thermometer registered 94° in the shade at the station, and 113° on the train. We did not arrive in Winnipeg until 4.30 p.m., two days and two nights on the train. Took bus to the Clarenton hotel.

May 8th.—Fine morning. Went to do a little shopping ; there are many large, handsome stores. We intended going for a long drive in the afternoon, but high



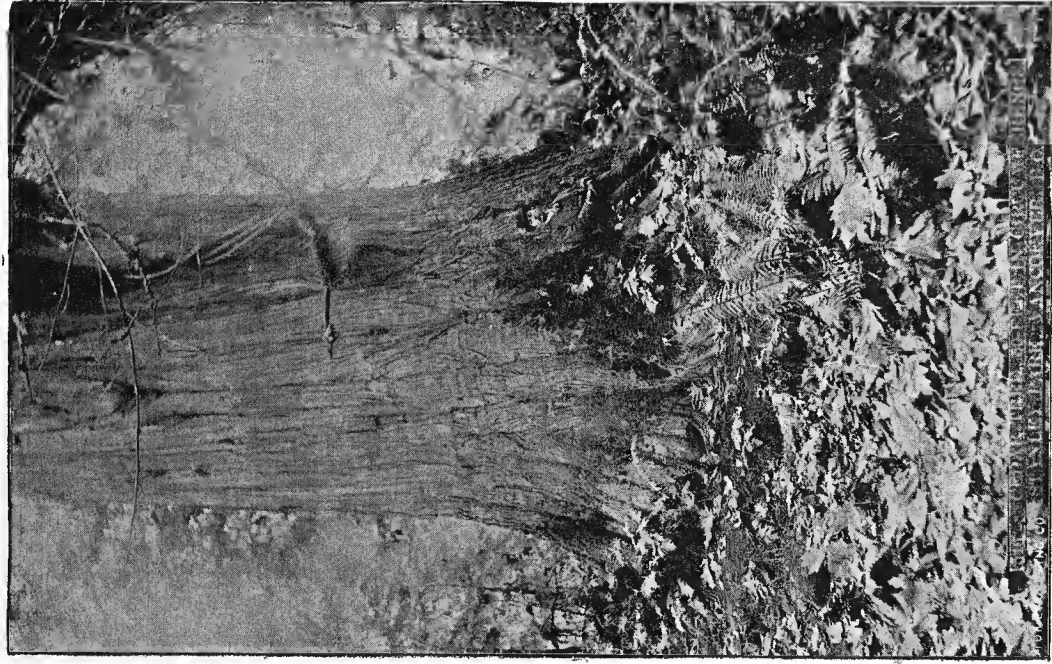
wind and rain coming on, we had to content ourselves writing letters, reading and resting.

May 9th.—Bright morning. Went for a walk. In the afternoon we went for a drive to Sir Donald Smith's ; saw nine "real live" buffalo. One can hardly picture to themselves the very great "blank" the lack of trees and flowers make, and especially after being accustomed to the most luxuriant growth of all kinds, not only in California but in our own beautiful Ontario. Had a most delightful drive.

May 10th.—A lovely morning (Sunday). Went to Trinity Church ; enjoyed the service very much. The 90th regiment was on parade in commemoration of the uprising of the Indians in 1885. They went to Trinity Church.

May 11th.—Another bright morning. No wind, warm and pleasant. Five of our party left by train at 10 o'clock a.m., for St. Paul's. We left by the 5.30 train for Fort William.

Riding and driving seem to be the chief amusements. Any number of fine carriages and horses. All the streets are very wide, so there is no crushing or unpleasantness. The alt. 700 feet. Population 30,000. Winnipeg is the capital of the Province of Manitoba, formerly known as Fort Garry (part of the ruins of the old fort are still standing). Population in 1871 only 100. Situated at the

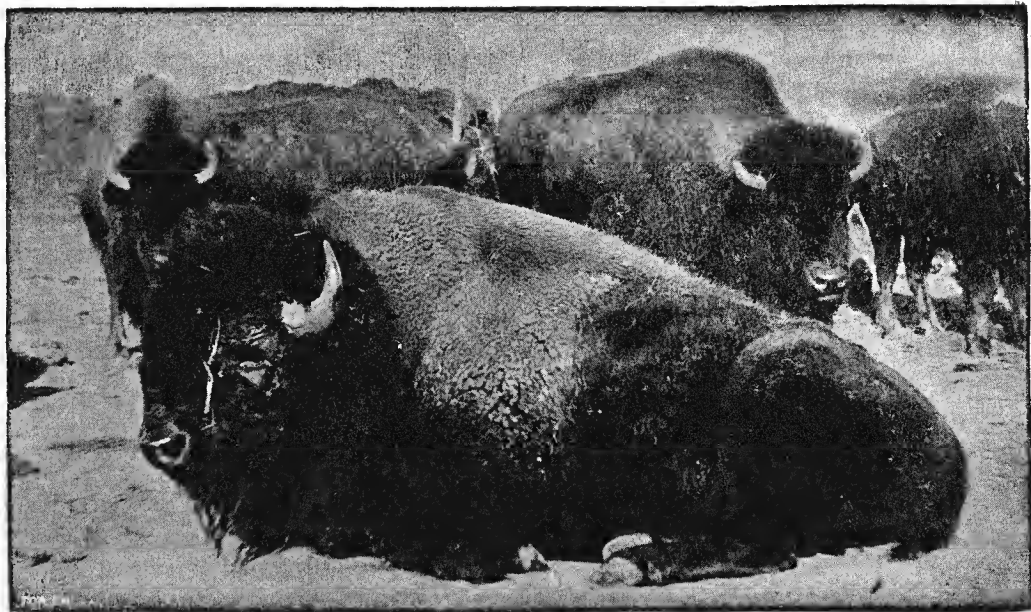


(See Page 47.)

junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, both navigable by steamboats. It has been for many years the chief post of the Hudsons' Bay Company. The city is handsomely built, superior brick and stone being available, and has street railways, electric lights, a fine hospital, great flouring mills, grain elevator, and many notable public buildings. Winnipeg commands the trade of the vast region to the north and west.

May 12th.—A lovely morning, cool and pleasant. Still on the train. We passed quite a number of small towns and villages. The scenery is of the wildest description, deep rock-bound lakes are always in sight. The country is excessively broken, and the railway passes through numerous rocky up-lifts. We came to Rat Portage. Population 1,100. At the principal outlet of the Lake-of-the-Woods ; has several large sawmills, the product of which is shipped westward to the prairies. The Lake-of-the-Woods is the largest body of water touched by the railway between Lake Superior and the Pacific, and is famed for its scenery. It is studded with islands, and is a favourite resort for sportsmen and pleasure-seekers.

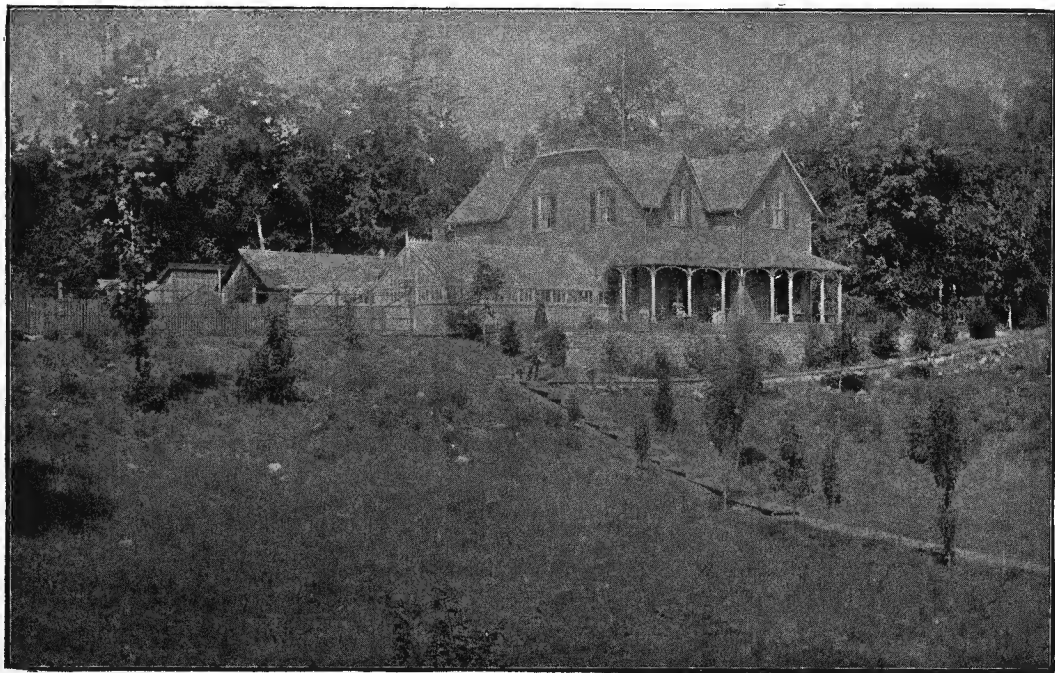
At Eagle River two beautiful falls are seen, one above and the other below the railway. It is a wild, broken region, with rapid rivers and many lakes, but containing valuable forest and mineral deposits. Murillo is the railway station for the Rabbit Mountain silver district ; and four miles from the station are



the Kakabeka Falls, where the Kaministiquia leaps from a height exceeding that of Niagara. The railway follows up this river to Kaministiquia, and then ascends the Mattawan and Wabigoon rivers.

General Wolsely led an army from Fort William to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) in 1870, using the more or less connected rivers and lakes much of the way; two of his boats may be seen just beyond the station at Savanne. We arrived at Fort William at 2 o'clock p.m. Waited at the station some time, then took the train to the steamer Alberta. We did not sail until midnight, but had plenty of amusement watching the loading of the steamer with grain and other produce. Over fifty wheelbarrows were in use, and nearly a hundred men employed. The population of Fort William is 1,700. A Hudsons' Bay Company's post of 100 years or more standing, but now given up to the requirements of modern commerce. The fur house of the old fort is now used as an engine house for the great coal docks, and some of the largest grain elevators in the world overshadow all. The Kaministiquia River, a broad deep stream with firm banks, affords extraordinary advantages for lake traffic, and immense quantities of coal, lumber and grain are handled there.

May 13th.—A lovely morning. We found ourselves on Lake Superior, not any too calm, but being accustomed to the motion of train prepared us for it being a little rough on the lakes. There were only about thirty passengers on board, it being



SOUTHWOOD.

almost the first trip of the season. Now and then a well laden ship passed us ; then vessels towing other boats, barges, rafts, etc. Did not arrive at Sault Ste. Marie until 10 o'clock p.m., too late, unfortunately, to see anything. The locks were well lighted by electric light ; went through them, then remained until daylight.

May 14th.—A lovely bright morning. We found ourselves on Lake Huron. It was beautifully calm and quiet, the air rather cold but pleasant. Nothing to be seen but water on all sides.

May 15th.—Bright warm morning. Found ourselves at Owen Sound. Then took the 5.45 train for Toronto ; arrived at 10.30 a.m. We came home quite happy and satisfied with our own beautiful City of Toronto, and would not gladly leave our "Southwood Home," on Lake Couchiching for any of the many lovely places we visited, but it may be :—

"The songs of the birds seem sweeter,
The children seem happier at play,
And the heart has ceas'd its longing
Because I am home to-day."

E. M. P.

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